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ZONA GALE declares that "His work is magnificent and has this great power . . . it handles its human beings—and they are human—with that directness and honesty which more than any one quality the American novel has lacked."

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ARTHUR T. VANCE, editor of The Pictorial Review, writes: "I sat up until after one o'clock last night to finish 'Brass.' Man, man, do you know you have written a great big book. I am proud of you! It is fine work!"

FANNIE HURST writes: "I think it rides Norris into the rank of foremost American novelists, not on any of the artificially stimulated rills created by Art-for-God-sakes rocking the boat, but on the booming wave of truth."

WALLACE IRWIN: "I consider 'Brass' the finest thing I have read for a long time, and if anything to equal it is written by an American during the coming year it will be a marvel indeed."

F. P. A. of the N. Y. Tribune: "Not counting road maps, our vacation's most engrossing reading was that of Charles G. Norris's 'Brass,' a bravely honest novel."

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NEW FICTION

'Jump or Drop Out,' Says Lord Saltash

THE OBSTACLE RACE. By Ethel M. Dell. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"AND then, just as she reached the level, very sharply she stopped. It was as if a hand had caught her back. For suddenly there rose up before her a figure so strange that for a moment she felt almost like a scared child. It sprang from the bushes and stood facing her like an animal at bay—a short creature, neither man nor boy, misshapen, grotesquely humped, possessing long thin arms of almost baboonlike proportions. The head was sunken into the shoulders. It was flung back and the face upraised—and it was the face that made her pause, for it was the most pathetic sight she had ever looked upon. It was the face of a lad of two or three and twenty, but drawn in lines so painful, so hollowed, so piteous, that felt melted into compassion at the sight. The dark eyes that stared upward had a frightened look mingled with a certain defiance. He stood barefooted on the edge of the cliff, clenching and unclenching his bony hands, with the air of a culprit awaiting sentence."

This is the boy who has kept Dick in the tiny fishing and mining town, this misshapen brother who adores him, and whom he loves with a great love almost like a mother's for her crippled offspring.

It is the cripple, Robin, who sees Juliet first. Shortly after that she meets Dick and the real story begins.

Yes, this is an obstacle race—not only for Juliet and Dick, but for the sea and his wife. In fact, the road is full of obstacles, but as they appear in definite form both Dick and Juliet take the "thing at a full gallop and clear it before you know where you are."

Lord Saltash advises Juliet, "when it comes to an obstacle race there are three courses open to you. Either you refuse to jump and drop out—which is usually the safest thing to do. Or you take the thing at full gallop and clear it before you know where you are. Or you go at it with a weak heart and come to grief. I don't advise the last, anyway. It's so futile—as well as being beastly humiliating."

Saltash is an old friend from London. And his value becomes evident when Juliet takes the last hurdle and does not find Dick waiting for her there. Despite all Saltash's angles of speech we had to like him very much. He proved a friend in the end, both to Juliet and to Dick.

Robin is one of the big obstacles, so he thinks and so everybody else thinks except Juliet and Dick. Yet Robin proves "the great friend"—even to his own brother!

"I'll try to take you as I find you and make the best of you. But, to be quite honest, I am rather afraid of the hard side of you. It is so very uncompromising. If I ever come up against it—I believe I shall run away!" so Juliet told Dick. Every one in the book came up against Dick's hard side. Every one was hurt by it to some extent, but Dick was honest—he was just and he loved his friends. Life had not led him into any rosy side paths beside the straight way. The man had made himself what he was, holding a shield between his own heart and the world.

Mrs. Rickett, at whose house Juliet stayed when she first left London for a rest, knows the life of the town and she imparts her information lavishly.

"London! It's like a great wheel that is never still. . . . They (the people there) just tear about from morning till night and very often from night till morning. Every one is always trying to get first and to be a little smarter than any one else. They think they enjoy it. But they really don't. It's such a whirl, such a strain—like always running at top speed in a race and never getting there. Yes, it's just that—a sort of obstacle race, and the obstacles always getting higher and higher and higher. Well, I've done with it, Robin. I'm not going to get over any more. I've dropped out. I'm going to grow old in comfort."

In this story Miss Dell has given us her most attractive heroine, Dick Green and Lord Saltash are by far the best male characters she has ever portrayed in her books.

The story is a new type for Miss Dell. There is a cleverly protected mystery, unveiled only in the last pages; but more important than plot, her people are modified in their development by love, by friendship, by the drawing out of the inherent good and tenderness in every soul.

We are sure that readers who have liked Miss Dell's other work will welcome this book even more than the earlier novels that made her popular, for in this there is emotion, there is suspense—but there is a new note. We think "The Obstacle Race" will outlive her other books, for into it she seems to have put more of the "big stuff"—if you know what we mean!

Growing Up in High School

PAUL AND RHODA. By Fannie Kilbourne. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"A WHEEL within a wheel, a world within a world, is Central High School. It whirls on its own axis and speaks its own tongue. In the main affairs of the outside world do not touch it. A national financial panic is ignored, a national election is as nothing—Central has elections and panics of its own. It even renames the seasons:



autumn is football season; winter is midyear exam time; spring is baseball and tennis season; summer is vacation."

This is the atmosphere in which we meet and form a very happy acquaintance with Paul and Rhoda.

Paul is one of those boys who must earn part of their way through high school, and through the university, too. He manages to become very popular, to do a great many things which prove his quality. And with a real girl for a friend, an unselfish girl, with bright ideas and happy ways, and one who is willing to admit her errors, he makes his readers proud of him.

Rhoda is called upon to make sacrifices of the youthful joys which seem at the time to be the greatest things in life, only to find a greater happiness. Paul could not be her partner in the tennis tournament because there was need of his help on the farm from which his mother succeeded in gaining enough to permit him to go to school. He put the matter up frankly to Rhoda. Then we have a clear vision of the author's understanding of young people, of a young boy and a young girl between whom there has

been no expression of more than politeness. The girl that had always been Rhoda would have wished Paul to agonize with her in all that she was giving up, she would have played the martyr in doing it. It was the woman Rhoda would some time be that stirred now. She wanted Paul to do the right thing—that might have been the girl in her. But—this was the woman—she wanted to make it as easy as she could for him.

"The tournament's nothing but a

school affair, after all," she said bravely, forswearing her whole world. "I'd do it, in a minute, if it were my mother. I—I don't care an awful lot." It was a gallant lie—and the woman in her still speaking—she went on at once to talk about the orchard, to make Paul forget the tournament altogether.

Without seeking it, she had her reward. She planned for a crowd of the high school girls and boys to go to the farm with him, to help in the fields. And the glory which would have been hers had she and Paul been the winners in the tournament was overshadowed by a large picture of her and big headlines in the paper—the front page—telling how "Central High Fights Labor Shortage" and under her picture the words, "High School Senior Who Leads Original Enterprise."

The final chapter will take the old folks back to the days when they graduated after four glorious years of high school life—and study. It will take the young folks through their present joys and sorrows, and maybe make them a little more considerate of such classmates as Jane and Marie, who were not popular and not near as happy as Rhoda—nor as lovable.

Window Opened Into a Deep Cave

QUILL'S WINDOW. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co.

G EORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON can do it every time. Given a pretty girl, a villain, a war that he can drag in by the heels, and he will write a good tale for you. "Quill's Window" runs along in a typical McCutcheon fashion and ends happily. In these modern days, when the happy ending has been struck down in the avalanche of realism, perhaps the Pollyannas will appreciate this book. At any rate, the tale is worth reading on the suburban train that would bore one to death in any case.

"Quill's window" is evidently the opening in the side of a mountain leading to a deep cave, where in days gone by horse thieves and other fugitives from the justice seeking farmers took refuge. It was hated and feared by the neighbors, for it was thought to be haunted. A man had been murdered by his father-in-law and his wife had been buried with him in the bottom of Quill's window. The place was kept locked from the curious passerby by the heroine of the story, Alix Crown, a daughter of the dead couple.

Into the village comes Courtney Thane, a so-called ex-serviceman. With a limp and a talking manner he creates a stir in the village and becomes quite popular because of his readiness and ability to talk about his war experiences. Alix Crown almost falls in love with him, but McCutcheon could never allow that, so the friend of the family looks up the man's war record and finds it is all bunk. The real he-man in the case turns up—Thane's seduction of a young village girl who ended her life is revealed, and he is killed by the dead girl's brother. Of course Alix Crown marries the boyhood sweetheart, and all is well.

We cannot quite understand why Mr. McCutcheon must rely on the ability of his heroes and heroines to sport panama hats and motor cars of specified brands. These names are always brought out prominently. So, dear reader, if you don't wear a certain panama hat and do insist upon the family Ford you will read this book with a sense of inferiority. The plot is obviously worked out, and in all fairness we cannot fail to feel that there are no ragged ends. Perhaps it is comforting to believe that somewhere there is some romance. Somewhere there are happy endings. Of course, dear reader, you have only to decide what you want. If you want this sort of thing, read this book and close it with a feeling that you have read about all you believe. If you don't believe in it—have no romance in your life—only stark reality staring you in the face, read "Quill's Window" anyway, and realize that perhaps you should bury your cynicism and believe that love makes the world go round. Forget, old dear, that Fate throws a monkey wrench in the wheels now and then.

India Still Aids The Plot Makers

PRINCE CINDERELLA. By Grace Alexander. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THERE is indeed a gayety in this book which is catching, but why did the author have to bring the hatred of India into the pages? You can't get away from it this season. Maybe our disposition has grown crabbed, but if you had read as many books about India and its mysticism and hatred as we have during the last few months you would think that authors could not believe a book was a book or a seller unless India was either written in red throughout its pages or at least in black type.

Nevertheless the author has given us a jolly good story, plausible in plot, just mysterious enough to be delightful and permit you to sleep after the lights are out and you are alone with your thoughts. She has drawn her people together into such combinations as bring out in startling clearness those hidden characteristics which all human beings are able to keep hidden until their complements or opposites come along and tear off their outer selves. It is light fiction, for those who like mystery and for those who like romance, ballasted with just enough serious character study. And it is written delightfully in the first person.

Love Tangle in South Africa

FORESHADOWED. By F. E. Mills Young. George H. Doran Company.

"FORESHADOWED" is a story which starts on the South African veldt and deals with the cities of that region, which are still crude and frontierlike. There is a description of the tropic night which approaches Olive Schreiner in vividness, but in the main the story is not localized.

It deals with a tragedy which might take place anywhere. The heroine marries a man who is a scheming intriguer and through pride she stands by him, even when he covers her with shame and humiliation. At last she is wrought to a pitch when she is willing to flee with another man, whose love for her is deeper and truer, but the suicide of her husband causes a barrier between her and her real mate.

Seven years have gone into the making of Samuel Hopkins Adams' latest novel "Success" (Houghton Mifflin Company), a newspaper story. Mr. Adams was for ten years after graduating from college a reporter on the New York Sun.

"A Great Contribution to the Cause of World Peace." "First awakes, then grips, then convinces. It will create a political sensation and a revolution in opinion."—John Gaston.

The GREAT DECEPTION



Bringing Into the Light the Real Meaning
and Mandate of the Harding
Vote as to Peace

By Samuel Colcord

An unusual writer who writes only in great crises and whose articles, thus written, whether in magazine or pamphlet, have each and every one struck fire, and seemed to do something.

William Allen White, four leading university presidents, a conspicuous member of the McKinley and Roosevelt Cabinets, and other nationally known men united in a letter to President Harding requesting that "as a supplement to your conferences with leading minds" he read the Author's "Letter to the Friends of World Peace" (a brief treatise in line with The Great Deception), and added that no one was better qualified to present the subject.

Mr. Colcord has consented to let Edwin Ware and Charles H. Richards advertise his book in their own way without interference, provided they keep within the facts. Accepting the trust they present the following:

THE AUTHOR'S HITS

BY HIS ONE TIME VOLUNTEER SECRETARY.

ONE of the most world famous and important acts in recent American Statesmanship (which happened to relate to the peace question) was undertaken and carried out in almost strict conformity with this author's advice in letters to the principal actors, as is attested in a letter by an American statesman whose world influence is second to none, and sustained by other reliable evidence. But irreconcilable interference slipped a cog in the wheel, much impairing its usefulness. To name it and tell the entire story would excite great interest.

His "Join the Allies," published in The Outlook and earlier in different form in five articles in the New York Herald, shortly before we entered the war, brought letters and telegrams from all over the country from men of prominence, including Roosevelt. Many of them urged that his articles be reprinted and sent to members of Congress and the Cabinet and to other national leaders. This was done while messages were still pouring in to urge it. The remarkable influence they later attributed to it will be told in another issue.

A like response followed the magazine publication of his "German-Russian Peace." A prominent citizen ordered by wire a reprint of ten thousand copies and mailed them to leaders of thought all over the world. "One was sent by the author to Viscount Northcliffe with the playful threat that if he survived the reading he might receive the author's pamphlet on the subject. To this Northcliffe replied: 'I have not only survived the perusal, but I am longing for the pamphlet.' One was sent to Lord Robert Cecil, who four months later started the world by saying in a London speech, 'If Germany is allowed to gain complete commercial and industrial hold on Russia, she can fight the world forever'—exactly the contention of this article. Three other big things happened to this publication, but lack of space forbids the telling.

His pamphlet, "A Supreme Effort to Win the War," published in the crisis of 1918, is another instance. Its importance was acknowledged in letters from Woodrow Wilson, General Crowder, Col. House, Senator Wadsworth and others, the thanks of the War Department, an invitation from Mr. Beruch, Chairman of the War Industries Board, to come to Washington, and a Washington dinner in his honor. But its most remarkable endorsement was in the complete reversal within eight weeks of the War Department's war program in exact conformity with the program he urged with unanswerable logic—the immediate creation of an army of six million men, four millions to be on the firing line in France and Flanders, and two millions at home for training, reinforcement and defense.

When complimented on this prompt reversal and adoption of the program he urged, the author made light of it as "an interesting coincidence," and added, "The German offensive did it." Perhaps it did, but at least it showed that he guessed exactly right, as he seems to have the habit of doing in all his writings. What President Wilson wrote was: "I assure you that I appreciate to the full the considerations which you so effectively urge."

That pamphlet would make absorbingly interesting reading even now, but only the great men of the nation ever saw it. The fine diplomacy and irresistible common sense with which it won the approval and praise of the very men whose official decisions it questioned should give it rank as a great diplomatic paper. Instance this compliment: "We are doing splendidly and know that we are. We were doing fairly well last Spring and thought we were doing all we could, but when the German offensive told us it was a case of life and death we doubled the achievement. We can double it again if there is need. Is there the need?" But far beyond its consummate diplomacy was the reasoned presentation of an irresistible array of facts which compelled the mind to admit that there was the need. There was no impolitic hammering. Witness this: "To ask it to show faith in the ability of this administration to do great things." Like fine diplomacy will be found in every chapter of The Great Deception. That shown in the last chapter will justify in the mind of any man who himself possesses qualities of statesmanship the references to him in letters by many writers as "statesman" and to his proposals as "statesmanlike."

I could go on with columns of like surprising things that have followed his crisis-inspired writings. Not all of them could be "coincidences." The foregoing story is here told because to hide that light "under a bushel" would mean to be remiss in interesting the public in a book which many distinguished men believe is destined to be a signal contribution to the most vital interests of mankind, and whose author, while in a great way associated with important men in great and beneficent moves, in some of which he has been the actual leader, has hid himself from public view.

What others say of his writings and works will be told next Sunday.

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Samuel Hopkins Adams

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